

SUNSHINE FOR THE BRIDE.

It was not a bride's morning. A fog hung over the city so densely as to conceal the Capitol dome, and moisture was cozing from the planks along the station. The air was murky and heavy, and the few people who were about at that hour took no notice of the President's carriage, if they recognized it.

him. About half past 2 he and law partner Bissell got into the victoria and started off for a drive. The President wore a black frock coat, buttoned down closely across his breast, a good deal of superfluous shirt collar, and a check scarf. After an absence of about an hour, the party returned, looking very comfortable and contented, and it was learned that the President had driven his

ment when the lights were turned down in the Executive Mansion to-night, Col. Lamont has been everything. The President has had very little to say or do about his own wedding. It was Lamont who fixed the day when he met the bride at Quarantine, and who has directed all the arrangements upon his own responsibility and the President's confidence in his capacity.

clergyman, in immediate broadcloth and a stiff, old-fashioned white choker, which tilted his chin up at an obtuse angle. He looked as solemn as a clergyman bound upon such an errand should, and assisted his wife to alight. She looked very large beside him, and wore lots of lace flounces.

Following closely upon the dominie's heels

upper floor, the President came slowly down the western staircase with his bride leaning on his arm. They were unaccompanied—even the bride's mother awaiting her with the other guests. Passing through the central corridor, the bride and groom entered the Blue Room and took a position near the southern wall.

A moment's pause, and he went on to say to the bride and groom:

If you desire to be united in marriage, you will signify the same by joining your right hands.

The groom and bride joined hands, and the minister said, following his ritual:

Grever, do you take this woman whom you hold by the

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